MODERN LYNCHING.

Continued from First Page

before its actual attack may have pene-trated even the thick, heavy doors that shut If not, the crash of the cross-tie battering-

ram as it beat down the front doors surely warned him of his peril. Then followed the violent fusillade of p stol and rifle shots. Then came the steadily advancing shouts. growing ever nearer and nearer as steel door after steel door went down before the

onslaught.

What ecstasy of terror this miserable ereature went through, how many deaths be died during the interim of over two hours that the mob was creeping toward hours that the mob was creeping toward him—all this is a study in nightmare terrors, that one shudders to think upon-Like a caged wild beast shut in, in the inky darkness, between those narrow walls of steel, while hour after hour the noise drew nearer, the only marvel is that the man was not a stark, raving maniac, when, at last, the doors of his cell gave way and the mouster was upon him.

the monster was upon him.

As a matter of fact, not a trace of him was to be seen when the two or three mob leaders who could do so, squeezed into his narrow cell. His bed, with the bedclothes narrow cell. His bed, with the bedshifts tossed in wild confusion, was then empty. It needed but a glance to search that narrow clean-cut pen of steel. It was empty, that was all there was to it—empty.

"He's behind the slide," shouted some one in the rear. "Shove back the panel!"

one in the rear. "Shove back the panel!"

In the rear of each cell in the workhouse there is a sliding steel panel, which, when thrown back, reveals a little recess about four feet high by two and a half feet wide and two feet deep. It is a little deep. four feet high by two and a half feet wide and two feet deep. It is a little steel closet let into the steel rear wall and covered by a sliding steel panel with an unobtrusive little handle, which, for an instant, had been over-

THE NEGRO SEIZED.

Into this contracted space the powerful negro, nearly, or quite 6 feet tall, had managed in his madness of terror to squeeze himself and to slide the panel shut in front

of him.

The instant the panel was thrown back he shot out of his retreat as though fired from a carapult and landed a terriffic right-hand blow with his fist full on the mouth and nose of the man with the red sweater, instantly smearing his face with the gush of blood that followed until it was as crimson as the garment he wore.

Almost at the same moment the negro that out his foot in a vicious kick which

Almost at the same moment the hear shot out his foot in a vicious kick which inflieted a painful blow on another of his instructive instructive assagants. It was just the instinctive fury of the wild heast within him driven

In his instant he was overpowered and his arms pinioned to his sides in the vice-like embrace of several strong men. Right then and there ended his last effort at anything like/resistance.

He was shoved out into the corridor and there held for a moment while the word was passed along that he had been captured. The news that the words "We've got him," had reached the main body of a roar.

there held for a moment while the word was passed along that he had been captured. The news that the words "We've got him" had reached the main body of the mob came back in the shape of a roar, half cheer, half exultant shriek, which seemed to drive the unhappy wretch into the very hysteria of terror. In incoherent, half-formed sentences he alternately prayed and repeated portions of his confession.

CONFESSION MADE TO THE MOB.

"I did let I did it!" he cried in a rasping.

"I did it! I did it!" he cried in a rasping, choking voice that sounded more like the cry of some strange wild animal than anything human. "I did it! The Lord came to me and told me to tell! O Lord, have mercy upon me! I confess it! Oh, Christ, save my soul! I did it! I confess it!" my soul! I did it! I confess it!"

Overtthe growd in the prison, which theretofore had created such an uproar, there
now fell a curious hush. The noise by no
means ceased, but by contrast with its
former shouts its present tone seemed

former shouts its present tone seemed almost like silence.

Word was passed to clear the way, that the man was to be brought out. The order was obeyed with marvellous celerity. With the tall man in dark clothing on one side of him and the stocky man in the red sweater, his face smeared with blood, on the other, the wretch was moved along, half supported by each arm, down the route that had been travelled upward by the invaders to the front door and out on the high prison porch.

Here his appearance was greeted by savage roar. As soon as the noise died away a little the short man shouted away a little the short man shouled.
"Let nobody strike him or hurt him.
We are going to take him to the place where he committed the crime and we are going

he committed the orime and we are going to burn him alive!"

This time only a confused murmur came in response, and in the midst of it somebody fired off a pistol. Instantly there was a shout of rage.

"Who fired that shot? Take the gun away from the damned fool. Nobody is going to shoot that nigger or hurt him. He's going to be burned up!"

TAKEN TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME. Then the negro and his guards, still supporting him, and four or five men with rifes following closely in the rear, moved down the steps and onward toward the road. A man in blue overalls and riding a white horse cleared a passage by slowly wheeling his horse in narrow circles. Another man, who, like the horseman, Another man, who, like the horseman, in his appearance and attire suggested a farmer, stepped to the front of the procession when it reached the road. In his hand he carried a long stick with a crotch on the end of it and from the crotch there

hung a lighted farmhouse lantern.
Along either side of the column thus advancing, with the negro supported like a drunken man between the same two guards who had taken him from his cell. who had taken im from his cent, rode half a dozen or more men on horseback. The main body of the mob, largely composed of boys, followed in the rear, filling the road from side to side, cursing, shouting wheeping

the road from side to side, cursing, shouting, whooping.

Somebody struck up the song "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town fo-night," and with a roar of laughter the mob took up the refrain and kept howling away at that and at "Marching Through Georgia" and "Under the Bamboo Tree" all the way along the mile or more of muddy road that had to be traversed before the high hedge was reached behind which the negro hedge was reached behind which the negro

hedge was reached benind which the negro-committed his crime.

It is a beautiful road in daytime along which this procession passed, heavily over-arched in places with the thick foliage of maples; In short stretches it sinks down into quite deep cuts with high banks on either side.

It such spots the mob was moving too many abreast to be compressed into the narrow limits and it swarmed up the banks and over the hedges into the fields. Not a sput, however, was permitted to get ahead of the procession in the highway. Several who attempted it were sharply ordered back.

ordered back.

The old farmer-looking rioter with the swaying laptern dangling from his forked stick alone walked in front of the prisoner, plodding doggedly on without saying a word.

HIS CONFESSION REPEATED

As for the doomed man himself his semi-hysterical condition still continued. He kept up a low, perpetual muttering all the was in the same strain in which he had wag in the same strain in which he had begun when he was first brought out on the gallery in front of his cell.

It seemed a mania with him to keep coming back again and again to his confession—this, mingled with prayers, was the burden of his maunderings, for that the poor wretch's wits were all astray from his terror and excitement cannot be doubted. He know he was to be killed; knew he was to be burned alive. But as yet he made no plea for mercy.

It was, probably twenty minutes after leaving, the prison and not far from midnish, when the place was reached where the negro had dragged his victim from the high hedge that lined it. Part of the hedge had been cut down and around this open ent of it he was taken to the exact spot with the high done his murder.

It was the first plan to burn him there, but the hedge was too close. It did not permit the rioters to form a circle about

but the hedge was too close. It did not permit the rioters to form a circle about him. There would be some who would be cut off from the spectacle.

Sb. under a guard, the negro was left standing on the site of his crime while the crowd moved back into the newly-ploughed feeld several rods and began premaring field several rods and began preparing

for the torture. A gate was torn down and fence rails brought for fuel. BUIDING THE PYRE

The leaders of the mob, all apparently farmers and mechanics, had come evidently knowing just what they were going to do.
and fully equipped with the tools wherewith to do it. When axes and hatches were wanted wherewith to cut wood for the horrible pyre, axes and hatchets were A young man wearing a wide-brimmed Panama hat was busy splitting the gate slats into kindling wood. The fence sails were split and broken into logs two or three produced.

feet in length

Twice an attempt was made to drive a
fence rail firmly enough into the ground
to make a stake that would support the victim's body. But the newly-ploughed ground was too soft. The rail would parely sup-

port itself
It was left standing at last, and the logs
were piled up around it. There was a demand for some light stuff to start the fire,
and the man on the white horse rode away and the man on the white horse rode away and came back in a few minutes with a bundle of straw. This was stuffed under and down the centre of the heap of fuel, which was about three feet high and of a circular shape some three feet in diameter and with the fence rail sticking up some three feet more above the centre.

The uproar which had marked the mob's march to the scene had now died away to a murmur of conversation. The crisis was too near and the strain too great for loud shouts.

From over by the fence could be heard

From over by the fence could be heard the negro's voice in prayer. His hysteria had now taken a tenser and more coherent form. Standing in the spot he again repeated his confession in a moderate conversational tone, going into its horrible details as he had done with the officers. His hands were tied behind him and he stood erect with his head well up. stood erect with his head well up. SOME OF THE RIOTERS PROTEST.

They were nearly ready for him now at the pyre on which he was to be burned The man on the white horse had formed The man on the white horse had formed a circle by again turning his horse slowly around. Those on the inner line were told to take hold of hands, and they did so. As their number increased the circle widened until it was about sixty feet in diameter. There were those in it whose hearts began to fail them. As the circle, constantly swaying, came close to the pyre, feet shot out and kicked it over. Twice this happened. Both times it was stolidly rebuilt.

One man made a last frantic plea to the leader in the red sweater with the blood-"For God's sake, don't do this!" he begged.
"Shoot the man! Hang him! Knock him
on the head! For God's sake, don't burn
him! Think what you are doing, man,
think what you are about!"
There was an angry murmur at this There was an angry murmur at this outburst, and the man in the sweater in

loud, stern voice called out:
"We are going to burn that nigger alive

and we are going to do it right here and right now."

A moment later the negro was brought into the circle and led close up to the pyre, his hands still tied behind him. The man

to them personally. He even half smiled as he spoke, as though he were engaged in any ordinary conversation.

What he said was what he had been saying from the first. He had done it. He was guilty. He was going to be burned. God had told him to tell and he had told.

BURNED ALIVE. Hardly a sound now came from near by. The negro's voice could be dis-tinctly heard. Meantime the coils of the rope were winding higher and higher and

ighter and tighter about him, his talk still going on.

At last he stood, a mere corded bundle.
Suddenly he was seized by the feet and

Suddenly he was seized by the feet and shoulders, swung to and fro once and landed on the pile of faggots.

There was alow murmur of curses heard from among the spectators and expressions such as "Give it to him!" "Burn him up!" some of which sounded as though repeated automatically by men lashing themselves to the point of enduring the sight before them. Others broke away and walked off into the field, unable to look any longer. Still others turned sick and faint with nausea.

Suddenly the flames leaped brightly up and in a few seconds were blazing a foot or more about the body as it lay upon the

and in a few seconds were blazing a foot or more about the body as it lay upon the faggots. The negro, writhing and crying "Oh God, forgive me! Oh Lord, forgive me!" rolled from time faggot heap to the ground, some of his lashings having burned and broken loose. He was still conscious, but half delirious.

"I did it!" he kept saying. "I must tell it and make my peace with God! Oh God, forgive me!"

forgive me!"
This he kept repeating again and again until he was picked up and pitched, head-foremost this time, into the now flercely burning fire.

THE END

Again he writhed off the faggots and came with a crash to the ground. At this a man rushed forward and swinging a heavy, long-handled hammer high in the air brought it down with a crash upon the poor wretch's head.

"That settles him!" some one cried out. It did. The murderer's agony was over. The leaders who had been most conspicuous, seven in all, one by one disappeared. The man with the lantern was indignant that the coup de grace had been given, and swore savagely. But it was all in vain. What had been a man a few minutes before standing among them and talking to fore standing among them and talking to them, was now only a little heap of charred bone and flesh.

"CAT WITHOUT CLAWS IN HELL." Attributed to Emory Storrs.

A lawyer up at the Tilden Club the other night was discussing recent utterances of Mr. Watterson as to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. Having disapproved of the centucky editor's opinion, he said as he ordered up "two more of the same":
"I don't know whether Mr. Watterson put

is remark in quotation marks or not, but if he didn't he plagiarized or came very near it. The opinion attributed to Mr. Watterson is: He [Cleveland] has no more chance of a Democratic nomination for the Presidency than a cat in Hades minus ooth a fan and tail, not to mention claws.' "The original expression is, 'No more chance than a cat without claws would have in hell.' The author of the expression

was Emory Storrs, who was the lion of the bar of Illinois.

"Mr. Storrs was addressing a jury in a calebrated case. Opposing counsel had said in closing his address: 'My learned friend who will follow me will undertake to make you helious that my diest has not been also well as the manufacture. to make you believe that my client has no chance in this case. I warn you against his sophistry.'
"Storrs got up and made the shortest

"Storrs got up and made the shortest speech that was ever made to a jury. He said:

"'May it please the Court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case has no more chance than a cat without claws would have in hell.'

"And then he sat down. The jury returned in less then ten minutes. The Judge, who was a good deal of a wit and consequently liked a joke, asked when the jury came in: the jury came in:
"'Gentlemen, have you agreed upon verdict?"
"The foreman replied, "We have, your

Honor.'
"'Has the plaintiff any chance?' asked the Court.
"In a moment the court room was in a "In a moment the court room was in a roar, and the bailiff was splitting the desk with his gavel. The Judge, however, made no correction in his inquiry, and the plaintiff's counsel, who was no other than Leonard Swett, enjoyed the situation to such an extent that he forgot to make the usual motion, and the clerk's entry in the case stands to this day, as he wrote it: "The jury finds in this case that the plaintiff had no more chance than a cat without claws would have in hell.'"

SHOOTS TRUE AND WON'T RUN

THAT'S WHY TURNER IS CALLED THE MEDICINE MAN.

Deputy Sheriff's Power Over Lawless Negro Miners in a Missouri Camp -Test Applied to New Arrivals-Bow a Lonely Prisoner Secured Company.

MACON, Mo., June 20 .- The Missouri Medicine Man is what the negro miners at Camp 61 call Deputy Sheriff Edward Turner. If they knew a combination of words to express greater power they would use it when referring to him. It means that he can shoot straight and won't run. It is the highest compliment that could be given to any one by the desperate negroes from Alabama, the Elkhorn Valley, Virginia and Indian Territory, congregated

When the riots of 1898 were on. Turner went into camp alone. The negroes were armed with repeating rifles and six-shooters They had been shooting at the white miners of other collieries and refused to surrender their guns to the officers of the

The Medicine Man had not yet won his spurs. He slipped past the sentry and went to the residence of the company's physician, Dr. Smith. "Doc," he said, "I wish you would get

your tools and things and go 'long with "Some one hurt?" inquired the physician

"Not yet." There was a light in the barracks. The negroes were gambling. The officer had warrant for two men supposed to be in the crowd. He flung the door open and pulled out his pistols.

On the tables were dice, cards, chips money and revolvers-one to each player. The gamesters reached for their weapons. "Sit still, boys," said the deputy. you touch a gun I'll have to shoot.

Some one blew out the lights. The deputy put one of his pistols back in his pocket and touched off a match. Every nan had picked up his pistol. The deputy lighted the lamp on the first table. "Put them guns back on the table," he said.

A negro from the Territory with rings in his ears jumped up and swore that no man should take him alive. He rushed up to the deputy, brandishing his weapon. Turner was a small man with shifty, blue eyes. His mouth wears a chronic grin and his chin is twice the size of an ordinary man's. The doctor who stood outside opened his case, and took out his lint and bandages.

But his apprehension was ungrounded The negro stopped before he reached the deputy and his little nickel-plated pistol. "Put your gun with the others," said Turner

The half-breed obeyed and slunk back in the crowd. "I want just two niggers out of this bunch," remarked the deputy, "Aaron Beekman and Jim Brooks."

The others instinctively glanced at the men whose names were called, and that was enough for the deputy. "Come here, you two," he said, indicating

They came forward and submitted to arrest without asking what the charge was. The others resumed their game. The thing was all over in five minutes and not a shot had been fired.

Some of the men were from Pana. Ill and had been through the riots there. Others were from the convict mines at Birmingham, Ala., with a price upon their heads The Elkhorn Valley and Indian Territory were also well represented by fugitives from justice. Two out of every three had

The superintendent of the mines told the detective it was the nerviest thing he had ever heard of.

"I don't know about that," said Turner. "It would have taken twice as much nerve to run. They'd 'a' shot then, sure

Since that day the county's business in collieries where the negroes work has been entrusted to Turner. He has never had his pistol out down there since. Every man and woman has acquired a personal acquaintance with him. They go on drinking, gaming and shooting one another the same as usual, but they have never resisted the officer since. To them he is a friend in misfortune, an advocate in court and a kindly custodian in Jail. On several occasions he has knelt at the cot of a negro miner who was a second or two backward about pulling a trigger, and prayed for

The cause of the negroes' respect for Turner is summed up in one sentence: "He ain't skeered to die." Two years ago Missouri negro, Dan Crews, went out to 61 to 'tend bar for a saloon man. Crews was five foot ten, weighed 200 pounds and

was as strong as a mule. When the pay-night round-up came the black miners, as a matter of course, started in to test the nerve of the new citizen. About midnight they blew up one end of the saloon with a chunk of dynamite and then went around to the front door to see what the new bartender was going to do about it.

"Gem'mens! Gem'mens! Fer de Lord's sake lem'me out ob dis," he pleaded. That settled it. He wasn't fit to 'tend bar at 61. The big guns came out, and Crews started for the woods. They didn't try to kill him, but it kept two doctors busy all the next day taking the bullets out of

When Crews got well there was talk of sending him back to the saloon. A committee waited on the proprietor. "What's the matter with Dan? Ain't he a good barkeeper?" he asked. "Naw!" responded the leader, with con-tempt. "He am 'fraid to die!"

tempt. "He am 'fraid to die!"

Crews was a diagrace to the race because he wouldn't stand up and shoot back when an opportunity was made for him. They live up to their creed. Indifference to death is the passport to social recognition.

One day last April Barney Smith was approached by his sweetheart, Lavina Lewis. She carried a revolver, and as he had been paying attentions to another woman, he knew she was going to shoot and that he deserved it. Barney was unarmed. All he said was:

"Is yer gwine ter shoot me, honey?"

All he said was:

"Is yer gwine ter shoot me, honey?"

"Honey's" answer was a bullet that tore a hole through his breast. He fell to the ground. Then she became sorry, ran for the doctor and nursed her lover back to health. Barney refused to prosecute, but she was held for the Circuit Court. They are to be married. Barney says, as soon as he can raise the money for the license and the preacher.

A few weeks ago Sam Leftwick, lately of the Elk Horn Valley, was jailed for murder. He sent repeated requests for his friends from 61 to come in and see him; he was getting lonesome. But they didn't like the atmosphere of his new home and they wouldn't come.

like the atmosphere of his new nome and they wouldn't come.

Sam yearned for their eociety and played his high card. He gave the medicine man a schedule of crimes calculated to furnish enough jail lodgers to make the quarters uncomfortable. The prosecuting attorney issued the warrants and the deputy sheriff chartered the band wagon and drove over to the camp.

sheriff chartered the band wagon and drove over to the camp.

The wagon was backed up at a platform to await its cargo. The cages began hauling the miners out, and soon a couple of hundred negroes were lined up. Some grinned; many were sullen. Turner pulled his papers from his pocket and translated according to their understanding.

"Kiawana." A Hercules in black responded: "Heah

"You tried to cut Rube Webster's throat with a hawk-bill knife."
"He pulled a gun on me."
"Well, I got one for him, too. The wagon leaves at 5 sharp. You be there."
"Yes, sah," and Kiav ana went to a little two-room shack to bid his family good-by and reak up for his trie.

and pack up for his trip
"Gabe Collins."
"Dat's me," a little yellow negro proudly

"You've been shootin' craps."
"Yee, sah, sartingly. I allers shoots craps."
"Overland train leaves at 5. If you don't want to go bring \$25 around with you for the Court."

And Gabe hustled around to see what

Frank Foster!"
Frank held up his hand.
"You've been peddling whiskey."
"I've got a license from the Government."
said the dealer, who appeared to be a bit shrewder than the others.
"Thet's a foreign power" returned the shrewder than the others.

"That's a foreign power," returned the officer. "You should have opened diplomatic relations with the State of Missouri. Remember the hour, Frank. I don't want to have to hunt you up."

And so it went on until fifteen miners had accepted free passage to the jail. Most of them were crap shooters.

The medicine man was invited to dinner by the superintendent. In the afternoon

by the superintendent. In the afternoon he held a sort of reception in one of the warehouses. The negroes asked all sorts of questions about this man who was in the penitentiary, about another one who was a fugitive from the State, about a cer-tain murder trial that was to come up at the next term, and if the State would send

he money over to the witnesses before they Family troubles of all sorts were brought to the deputy, and his advice was listened to respectfully. He was urged to use his influence in behalf of a man who had shot at his wife, it being explained that she was a bold, brassy thing and had driven him

It was noticeable that he never advised any of them to quit shooting craps and drinking. He considers that such practices are a part of their nature, and had he suggested the impossible his influence would have been weakened.

He collected four large revolvers and a quantity of amounting. Every negro at

He collected four large revolvers and a quantity of ammunition. Every negro at the mines carries one pistol, and some of them two. In the Shorifi's office here are enough guns of this sort to equip a company of cavalry. He refers to the collection as the battery from 61. The average negro miner will sell or pawn everything he's got but his revolver to get money to earthly with the description as the second of the secon gamble with. In a desperate moment he has been known to let even that necessary article go, but he generally steals it back

again.
When the band wagon reached the jail
Sam shouted with joy to meet his old comrades. But they didn't reciprocate. They more than suspected that he was the cause of their sudden separation from the pomp and vanities of the world, and as there were to be several social functions during he week at 61 they wouldn't forgive him.

BOOM FOR TEXAS TOBACCO. Bellef That the Equal of Cuba's Most Famous Leaf Will Grow Here.

NEW ORLEANS, June 27 .- The United States Department of Agriculture has decided to make the little town of Nacogdoches, in east Texas, the biggest tobacco experimental station in the world, and it is announced that on Aug. 1 a plant for the curing, baling and warehousing of all tobaccos grown at experimental stations in the South will be opened there, with experts of the Department of Agriculture in

charge.

This decision is the outcome of experiments and tests which have been going on in east Texas for the last year and a half. Coupled with the announcement of the opening of the Nacogdoches curing station is the statement that the Government tests have demonstrated that tobacco grown in the soil of east Texas is the equal if not the superior of the celebrated and costly tobacco grown in the Vuelta Abajo district of Pinar del Rio, Cuba, known as the firest tobacco in the world.

Nacogdoches is near the Louisiana line and about 120 miles north of Beaumont. Here the experiments have been conducted by L. H. Shelfer, the expert of the Department of Agriculture on filler tobacco. He declares that the aromatic quality of Texas on their "aufstosseen."

Merritt is 6 feet 2 inches tall and built proportionately; but, even at that, he isn't so much for size compared with Dr. Frank characteristics of the plant, all of which are singularly like the high type of Cuban leaf found in Pinar del Rio.

The Texas plant bears a striking resemblance to its Cuban relative. It is not a heavy or vigorous, rank or overgrown plant, but short coupled and ranging from ten to fourteen leaves to the stalk. It is

plant, but short coupled and ranging from ten to fourteen leaves to the stalk. It is of medium size and has the fuzzy, velvety appearance of the Cuban type.

The remarkable soil of east Texas has long been suspected of harboring treasures of a kind most unusual and more than a year ago members of the United States Soil Survey were sent there to examine and report. Their report was such that Dr. Milton Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils and tobacco plants, by direction of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, detailed Mr. Shelfer and his assistants to go to east Texas and make a careful and practical culture of the plant in the particular soil selected, which so closely resembles the soil of the famous Vuelta Abajo.

The wonderfully favorable climate as well as the extraordinary soil condition—the former incident to the Gulf clouds, morning fogs and dews, which are thought to influence the delightful aroma and flavor of Cuban tobacco—and the striking resemblance of the Cuban and Texan plants, were additional reasons which led the Department of Agriculture to start its investigation in the Texas field.

FIERY DREAMS FOR THE FOURTH. There's a Wonderful Lot of New Pyrotechnics This Year-Get the Plaster Out.

Mothers may get out the oil and court plaster, for they will be needed next Saturday. The demands for fireworks from all over the country are the largest since the celebration of the Fourth was instituted. and the dealers are working night and day

to fill the orders. Besides hearing more noise making de vices, those who keep their eyes open on Saturday night will see some great sights. When the "screaming eagle" rocket is let loose, for instance, George III. will tremble in his grave, sure. This well-named artifice hurls into the air a shower of red, white and blue stars, and the spectator will be thrilled to hear from the midst of this display, the piercing cry of our national bird.

Just to show there is no ill feeling, though, the "coronation candle" will send aloft dazzling models of the crown jewels. The lady who recently ate peacock at dinner in Paris will be delighted with the "peacock plume" rocket, which exhibits. The "fiery waggler" is another that is sure to make a hit. A giant serpent rises into the sky and then develops a propensity for waggling, which slowly brings him down

waggling, which slowly brings him down again.

An aptly named sky scraper is the "revenge." This shoots a ball of fire half a mile high, so the dealer says. It ought in that case to reach the rain clouds. Sentimental observers will find the "lover's knot" pin wheel much to their liking, while dwellers on the Hudson will feel at home when they behold the "Spuyten Duyvil." But "Devil's own "is a wonder. It fills the air with countless "gyrating monsters," very hellish indeed.

There are old favorites here again, toos and for \$10 one can secure a fine tot of old and new ones—cascades, aerial marcons,

and for six one can secure a fine lot of old and new ones--cascades, aerial marcons, saucisson meteors, Aladdin's jewels, Azteo fountains, sparking caprices, Egyptian circlets, royal Bengolas and rismatic dragons. And then there are all the new noise makers of which The Sun told a week or so ago. So all types of merry-makers will be satisfied.

WESTCHESTER'S BIG COUPLE

JAMES S. MERRITT, 6 FEET 2 RUNNING FOR SHERIFF.

And Dr. Frank E. Russel, 6 Feet 4 1-2, a Candidate for Coroner-Merritt Noted for Clambakes as Well-Election Day Exploits That Won His Nommation.

James S. Merritt, the six-foot Republican nominee for Sheriff of Westchester county, is known all over the county, among other reasons because he gives a big clampake at Rye Beach every year. And it's clambake worth attending, a good oldashioned New England clambake.

People from all over Westchester attend, and the Merritt Association, an organization composed of 1,500 voters who, rrespective of political affiliations, support their leader in everything he proposes, turns out in a body. Last year the following things were served at the clambake by fifty colored waiters keeping step to ragtime music: 100 bushels of clams, 900 lobsters, 300 chickens, 250 bluefish, ,500 ears of corn, 100 pounds of tripe and onions, 500 loaves of bread, 6 tubs of butter

and 150 watermelons. Besides the clambake, Merritt gives sloop picnics on the Sound to the children



of Westchester county, and ever since he made his pile in the real estate business he has been a contributor to local philanthropic undertakings. He headed the subscription list in Port Chester for the freecoal fund during the stress last winter and when an old woman there couldn't get any fuel delivered in time to keep her warm over Sunday, he filled a two-bushe burlap bag with coal and carried it through the streets to her house on his back.

He's a non-sectarian of the practical sort He contributed to the fund for the Roman Catholic church in Rye; he gave something, also, toward the new Episcopal parish house there, and he had a railing put in around the pulpit in the Methodist church in his

own town.

He's married, but hasn't any children.
Yet it is said that his bills for children's shoes are bigger than those of any of the most strepuous opponents of race suicide in the county.

He was formerly constable; but, rather than turn an old woman out of her home, he paid her debt. He was once captain of the Patrols, the Port Chester volunteer free company, and he used to lead the village band. In fact, he's done about everything that would make a Port Chester man popular in Westchester county. The Italians call him Signor, no Hebrew wedding is complete without him, and the Germans as they lift their steins to him put an extra n the county

as they lift their steins to him put an extra so much for size compared with Dr. Frank E. Russel of Tarrytown, who is running for Coroner on the same ticket. The latter is two and a half inches taller, and is just as much larger in other respects. The two are going through the campaign together—the Alcyoneus and Porphyrion of Westchester county, as somebody has already dubbed them.

The office of Sheriff in Westchester is just about as good a berth as it is in New

dubbed them.

The office of Sheriff in Westchester is just about as good a berth as it is in New York county. It was awarded to Merritt because the district of Rye, in which he is leader, showed the biggest Republican gains of any district in the county last fall, and Merritt was chiefly responsible for it.

He has been an untiring worker at the polls, but has heretofore never got any recognition for his service except the post office in his town. His energy on election day was illustrated in the local campaign at Port Chester last spring when, after the Democrats had brought in a sloop-load of mechanics, Merritt harangued them and got them all to vote the Citizens' ticket. Then he chariered a lot of boats and brought in all the clamdiggers in the harbor until he had votes enough to win by an overwhelming majority.

The Democrats are trying to find a strong man to run against him. M. J. Walsh, the young Mayor of Yonkers, and Mayhew Brownson, Chief of the Larchmont Fire Department, who wer talked of as possible candidates for Sheriff, both withdrew as soon as they learned Merritt had accepted the Republican nomination. They are good friends of his.

The Merritt Association has a branch in New York city with a membership of about 200. An unusual thing about it is that the presidents of both the original organization and the New York branch are Democrats.

Democrats. TEARFUL GIRL GRADUATES.

Display of Emotions Likely to Mark

Their Class Suppers. The senior class suppers at commencement time at the women's colleges are apt to be much more emotional affairs than he same functions celebrated by their brothers. Women are naturally more demonstrative than men, and the girl graduates really enjoy the opportunity to dissinate in their emotions which this final meeting after four years of association

The festivity, if so tearful an occasion deserves the name, is, of course, private and restricted to members of the class. The toasts are largely personal and commemorative of events in the class life, and are arranged to bring each member to her feet in the course of the evening. At Vassar matrimonial engagements are innounced in a roll call that is a most inter-

must answer to her name with the words "Guilty" or "Not guilty," according as she has said "Yes" or not.

esting part of the proceedings. Each gir

has said "Yes" or not.

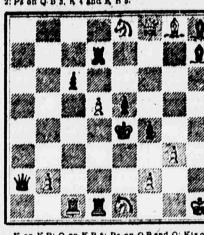
Sometimes a suspected member hesitates to speak the committing words and silence follows the first reading of her name. The etiquette of the occasion demands that the name shall be repeated three times, and the shyest girl is apt to cry out her guilt rather than face more than one period of this speaking silence.

When the supper is over, the speaches made and the engagements announced, the class starts on its last said duty of saying good-by to places and things about the campus. This is a most pathetic pilgrimage, and those who have heard the quawcring voices of the girls as they try and fail to sing the class songs have found their own eyes filling in sympathy. This round ends the agony as a class and the members dissolve into small groups, slowly crossing solve into small groups, slowly crossing the campus and picking their way through trunk-filled corridors to dismantled rooms.



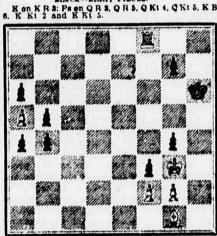
K on K R 7; Q on K B 2; Hs on Q R 4 and K B 7; Kts Q Rt 4 and Q Rt 7; Pa on Q Rt 3; Q Rt 5, Q 6
7, K 4, K B 5, K R3 and K R 3;

White te play and mate in three me-BOBLEM NO. 1210-BY ALAIN C. WHITE, NEW YORK



K on K R: Q on K B 8: Rs on Q B and Q: Kts on K and K 8: B on K Kt 8: Ps on Q Kt2, Q 5, K B 2 and K Kt 8:

White to play and mate in two move END GAME STUDY-BY HENRY RINCE, BARCELONA, SPAIN.



K on K Kt 3; R on K B 8; B on K Kt; Ps on Q R5, K B 2 and K Kt 2. White to play and draw

1. B-Q B 8, Kt-Q 4; 2. R-K R 5, Kt-Kt 4; 3 mate. -B 8, K-Kt 4; 2, R-B 5, ch, Kt-Q 4; 8.

1. B.—K. 4. &c.

1. B.—K. 4. &c.

1. B.—K. 4. &c.

1. Correct solutions received to problem No. 1205
17 from Dr. G. Arata, New York: Sig. Wechrier, Brook:
18 Jyn. N. V.; Dr. A. B., Baldwin, Nerwalk, Conn.;
18 Robinson D. Crusor, Allanta, Ga.: Sameel G.: Lav18 Jyn. N. Y.; Dr. Allanta, Ga.: Sameel G.: Lav19 Jyn. M. V.; Dr. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.; "Homas Bonus, "Pough18 Jyn. N. Y.; Beller Shank, Fort Wood, N. Y.;
19 H. Pesse, Thomaston, Conn.

Correct solutions received to problem No. 1206,
17 Jyn. N. Y.; Dr. A. H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.;
18 Robinson D. Crusoe, Atlanta, Ga.; Samuel G. Liv19 Jyn. N. Y.; Dr. A. H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.;
19 Robinson D. Crusoe, Atlanta, Ga.; Samuel G. Liv19 Jyn. N. Y.; Joseph Bradley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joseph Bradley, Brooking, N. Y.; Joseph Bradley, Brooking, N. Y.; Dr. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.; "Homus Bonus", Poughkeep18 Silv. N. Y.; H. Pesse, Thomaston, Conn.; Robert
19 H. H. Non, New York: Evans E. Russell, New Hayen,

Conn.

Additional solutions were received from Joseph Bradley. Brooklyn, and Sig. Wechsler. Brooklyn, to problem No. 1263.

Credit is due to D. F. Stillman, Westerly, R. I. for finding the cook to No. 1197.

Appended is a further installment of the scores of games contested by the masters in the recent international gambit tournament at Vienna: Swiderskil. Pillsbuß. White. Black.
1 P.K4 P.K4
2 P.K84 P.XP
3 B.-B4 P.Q4 Swiderski.
White.
26 Kt.— Kt3
27 RPxKt
28 P.— B4
29 P.— B3
30 P.— QKt4
31 PxP
32 R.— KR
43 H.— R0ch
34 PxP
35 BxB HaP RIB K-Q? P-KI4 5 BXB IR II.— R5ch IF K.— B8 39 K.— R16 39 PXBP 41 R.— K4 42 Rx16 43 K.— B4 44 K.— C8 45 K.— Q3 46 KxP 47 P.— B4 48 K.— Q3 Drawn. VIFTR ROUND-KING'S GAMBIT

KB3 REB QEK 1 P K-K (2 K-K 12 Q-Q7 K-K 13 -- Q? 87 P- KKt4 -RB4 SECOND BOARD-RLEVENTR ROUND-BISHOP'S GAM

RIR Q-Kich Q-Kizeb Q-Kizeh B-B R-Kich REBeh QIKIPeb QIKIPeb QIKIPeb KI-B4 KI-Kich PIPTE BOARD-ELEVENTE ROUND-BISHOP'S GAMB! Mieses. Black. P-K4 PaP 8 B-Bi Kt-QBs Kt-Bs 6 Castles. 7 P--Qs

10 PxB FIRST BOARD-TWELFTE ROUND-ALLGATER GAMBIT Telchman.
White.
15 Castles
18 Ki - R4
30 B - Q8
21 Ki - K3
22 K - Q2
23 Kt - B5ch
24 K - K2

POURTE BOARD-BARTENER ROUND-ENG & GAME SCOND BOARD-TWELFTE BOUN Maroczy. Tachigorin. schigoria. THIRD BOARD -- TWELFTE BOUND -- KNIGHT & QAMBIE Marshall. KR4 R-Q P--Ri7ch R--KB B--R3 P--Ki8(Q)ch 18 Bx B FOURTH BOARD-TWELFTE ROUND-ENIGHT'S GAMBIS PIR KI-K7ch 2 RaB 8 RaPch 4 R-Bch 5 R-K PIFTH BOARD -TWELFTH ROUND-KNIGHT'S GAMEN -KKM -KM -KM -KR3 P-Q8 PaP Bar

THINTEENTH BOUND KIP KI-B3 K-B5 KR-K -K5 -KK43

Marshall. Black. PxKtch Kt-R4 Kt-Kt6ch QxBP QR-K

Mienes.
Black.
B-K3
P-B3
K-R
B-R6
P-KR8
R-KKt
PaP L-KBS L-KBS Castics P-O3 6 K-R 6 KR-Kt 7 B-KR4 8 P-K5 19 PXP 21 Q-B3 Resigna

Marco, Riack. P-QS PxP Ri-Kts PxPch B-Ks Ki-Bi-Kt Ki-Bech P-Kis(Ki)ch Kix-Rech H-N2 R-K

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28 KR K K 20 K K K 30 P K K 81 K Q 82 K B 83 KR Q 74 KI K 85 K Q 86 K B 87 K Q 4 - B3ch - K13ch - QR4 - Q4ch - B4ch - B4ch

WAlle.

1 P-K4
2 P-K84
3 R1-K83
4 P-K84
6 K1-K5
6 B-B4
7 PxP
8 P-Q4
9 BxP

Ox He 14 Kt - QB3 15 Q - K2 16 Q - K4 17 K - K12 TRIRD BOARD-TRIRTEENTH P-KRS K-RS Q-QKtS P-RS PxP KR-KB

Maroczs:
WhiteWhite1 P-K4
2 P-K4
8 B-B4
4 RsP
5 K-P
5 K-P
6 P-K18
7 P-O4
9 R-P8
11 K-Nt
12 P-K5
15 R-K1
16 B-K1
16 B-K1
16 P-K1
16 B-K1 Cantles QR Q-RS PxP Q-QRts R-Rt K-Pt POURTH BOARD-TRIRTEENTE White.

1 P-K4
2 P-K84
3 Kt- K15
4 P- KR6
5 Kt-K15
6 KtsP
7 B-B4th
0 P-Q4
11 P-H3
12 Kt- BB
13 Castles
14 Kt-K4
16 Kt-K4 17 9xP 18 PxR (cb 10 R - R3 10 Kt - R3 1 K - R 1 P - R Kt4 - BS . - RKt8 - P4 A - R18 F - B6 QRP QRP C - R5 P R PIPTE BOARD-THIRTRENTE

1-RBs
-Q4
t-R5
t-R64
-B6ch
-B6ch
-R65
-R65
-R65
-R7
t-Q2
-R7
t-R6
-R8 KK1 Kt5 KXB K1 R8 RxP B--E8 B--B2 R--KK1

SECOND BOARD-THIRTHENTS ROUND-BIESPOTTERS

ROUND-ALGERIAN ROUND-ENTORY